Brief Praises

First Mode

Verse #1

To do among them the judgment that is written.

This glory shall be to all His saints.

Praises #1

We praise Thy saving Passion, O Christ, and we glorify Thy Resurrection.
Verse #2

Aiveite ton Theon

Praise ye God in His saints, praise Him in the firmament of His power.

Praises #2

O Stauron upomeinas

Thou Who didst endure the Cross, and didst abolish death, and didst arise from the dead: Make our life peaceful, O Lord, since Thou alone art omnipotent.
Verse #3

Praise Him for His mighty acts, praise Him according to the multitude of His greatness.

Praises #3

Thou Who didst despoil Hades, and didst raise up man by Thy Resurrection, O Christ: Deem us worthy to hymn and glorify Thee with purity of heart.
Verse #4

Praise Him with the sound of trumpet, praise Him

with the psaltery and harp.

Praises #4

Glorifying Thy befitting condescension, we praise Thee, O Christ; for Thou wast born of a

Virgin, and yet Thou wast inseparable from the

Father. Thou didst suffer as man, and didst endure the

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Cross willingly. Thou didst rise from the grave as though coming forth from a bridal chamber, that Thou mightest save the world. O Lord, glory be to Thee.
Verse #5

Aíneíte autoú en tymánw

Praise Him with tim-brel and dance, praise Him with strings and flute.

Praises #5

Ότε προσηλώθης

When Thou wast nailed to the wood of the Cross, then was the dominion of the enemy put to death. Creation was shaken with fear of Thee, and Hades was despoiled by Thy might. Thou didst raise the dead out of the graves and Thou didst open Paradise unto the thief. O Christ our God, glory be to Thee.
Verse #6

Aīneīte aivtōn en kumválōis

Praise Him with tune-ful cymbals, praise Him with cymbals of jubilation.

Let every breath praise the Lord.

Praises #6

Odvrmēnai mēta spoudēs

The hon-’ra-ble wom-en came with haste unto Thy tomb with lamentation. But finding the sepulchre open, and learning from the Angel of the new and strange mir-a-cle, they an-nounced to the A-pos-
tles that the Lord is risen, granting unto the world great mercy.

Verse #7

Ἀνάστηθι Кύριε

A-rise, O Lord my God, let Thy hand be lifted high; for-get not Thy pau-pers to the end.

Praises #7

Τὴν τῶν παθῶν

We worship the di-vine wounding of Thy Pas-sion, O Christ God, and Thy king-ly and priest-ly ser-
vice which was accomplished in Si - on in the end
of the ag - es, in a man - ner_ that made God
manifest. For Thou, the Sun of Right-eous-ness,
didst en - light - en those that slept in dark - ness, lead - ing
them_ by the hand un - to the un - wan - ing ra -
di - ance. O Lord,___ glo - ry be to Thee.
Verse #8

I will confess Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will tell of all Thy wonders.

Praises #8

O ye tumult-loving race of the Jews, hearken.

Where are they that came unto Pilate? Let the soldiers that kept guard speak. Where are the seals of the tomb? Whither was the Buried One removed? Where was He
sold Who is beyond price? How was the treasure plundered? Why do ye defame the arising of the Crucified One, O ye lawless Jews? Risen is He that is free among the dead, and He doth grant unto the world great mercy.